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The Honey-moon

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No. VI.

FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA

THE HONEY-MOON:

A Play,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY JOHN TOBIN.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.



NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)



EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THERE are few more delightful comedies in the English language than this. The language is fluent, rich, and harmonious ; the moral tone is good, and the comic incidents are exceedingly effective. John Philip Kemble gave as a reason for not accepting this play, when it was offered to him ; that it was too much of a plagiarism from Beaumont and Fletcher's " Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," Shakspeare's " Taming of the Shrew," and other old comedies. The objection is not a valid one ; as Tobin was less indebted to these plays for his hints, than the dramatists named were to their predecessors. He farther deserves the credit of having preserved all the spirit, without a particle of the grossness, of his favourite models.

JOHN TOBIN, who wrote " The Curfew," " The Honey-Moon," and one or two other dramatic pieces, was born at Salisbury, in England, January 28th, 1770. He was educated for the law ; but his taste for dramatic writing was too predominant to be superseded by the allurements of Blackstone and Coke. " Between the opposite claims on his attention from the law and the muses," says Mrs. Inchbald, " he became negligent of all healthful exercise ; and as neither his person nor constitution was robust, progressive indisposition was the result of his incessant avocations, and soon arrived at such an alarming crisis, that, by the advice of his physicians, he went into Cornwall, and remained there till a warmer climate was prescribed."

In 1804, the invalid embarked at Bristol for the West Indies. The vessel on arriving at Cork was detained for some days ; but, on the 7th of

December, it sailed from that port ; on which day—without any apparent change in his disorder to indicate the approach of death,—he expired.

The history of the *Honey-Moon* affords a remarkable instance of the fact that actors and managers are often the poorest judges of that species of dramatic writing, which is destined to be effective in the representation. Poor Tobin found it impossible to persuade either actor or manager to take this piece under his protection, and produce it upon the stage ; and the disappointed author died without knowing that he had written one of the most brilliant and successful acting comedies in the English language. The *Honey-Moon* was not represented till the year succeeding his death ; and then its success was almost unparalleled.

The part of “*Juliana*” has had many representatives in this country, who have won merited celebrity in the character. Mrs. Mowatt is one of the latest of these ; and we doubt if any of her predecessors have ever presented a more just, spirited and picturesque embodiment of the author’s conception.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Drury Lane, 1824.</i>	<i>Park, 1846.</i>
Duke Aranza,.....	Mr. Elliston.	Mr. G. Vandenhoff.
Jacques,.....	" Halsey.	" Bass.
Lampedo,.....	" Osberry.	" Fisher.
Rolando,.....	" Russell.	" Dunt.
Count Montalban,.....	" Barnard.	" Bland.
Balthazar,.....	" Thompson.	" Vache.
Lopez,.....	" Knight.	" De Walden.
Campillo,.....	" Meredith.	" Anderson.
Servant to Balthazar.....	" Coreney.	" Galt.
Juliana,.....	" Mrs. Edwin.	" Mrs. Muratt.
Volante,.....	" Miss F. Kelly.	" Mrs. Abbott.
Zamora,.....	" Mrs. Orger.	" Miss Creeker.
Hostess,.....	" Mrs. Harlowe.	" Mrs. Vernon.
Servants to Duke, Rustics, &c.		

COSTUMES.

DUKE.—Wedding dress.—Second dress: Peasant's grey or drab tunic, drab slouch hat, blue worsted pantaloons, and russet boots. Third dress: splendid satin ducal vest, rich velvet robe trimmed with green and silver, white silk pantaloons, white shoes, &c.

COUNT.—A fawn-coloured jacket and tabs, with green and silver trimming, pantaloons of the same, hat and feathers, and russet boots, gauntlets, sword and belt. Second dress: Monk's gown.

ROLANDO.—Messina uniform (or Pierre's dress,) russet boots and spurs, gauntlets, cap and feathers, sword and belt.

BALTHAZAR.—Drab jackets and trunks, trimmed with green ribbon bows and tin tags, grey wig.

LAMPEDO.—Black close shape, red stockings, black shoes, small three-cornered hat, and cane.

CAMPILLO.—Drab-coloured jerkin and trunks, blue stockings and russet shoes.

LOPEZ.—A peasant jacket and trunks, light blue stockings, russet shoes, round white hat, and long light hair.

JAQUES.—Handsome velvet shape, large cloak, red stockings with silver clocks, white shoes, sword, and red curled wig.

PEDRO.—Jerkin and trunks, blue stockings, russet shoes.

JULIANA.—Wedding dress. Rich white satin and silver, large drooping white feathers, and jewels. Second dress: light blue, or slate-coloured body, and petticoat plainly trimmed with black binding or silk, blue stockings, and black shoes. Third dress: Neat white muslin.

VOLANTE.—Handsome satin dress, with ornaments, and feathers.

ZAMORA.—Page's tunic, and pantaloons, russet ankle boots, and cap. Second dress: handsome satin and silver dress, and large veil.

HOSTESS.—Black dress, with red points, point lace apron, and cap.

N. B. *Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.*



THE HONEYMOON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Madrid.*

Enter DUKE and MONTALBAN, L., followed by a Servant. He crosses behind to R.

Duke. (*Speaking to Servant.*) This letter you will give my steward ;—this
To my old tenant, Lopez. Use despatch, sir ;
Your negligence may ruin an affair
Which I have much at heart.—(*Exit Servant, R.*)—Why,
how now, Count !

You look but dull upon my wedding-day,
Nor show the least reflection of that joy
Which breaks from me, and should light up my friend.

Count. (*L.*) If I could set my features to my tongue,
I'd give your highness joy. Still, as a friend,
Whose expectation lags behind his hopes,
I wish you happy.

Duke. You shall see me so,—
Is not the lady I have chosen fair ?

Count. Nay, she is beautiful.

Duke. Of a right age ?

Count. In the fresh prime of youth, and bloom of womanhood.

Duke. A well-proportion'd form, and noble presence ?

Count. True.

Duke. Then her wit ? Her wit is admirable !

Count. There is a passing shrillness in her voice.

Duke. Has she not wit ?

Count. A sharp-edged tongue, I own ;
But uses it as braves do their swords—
Not for defence, but mischief. Then, her gentleness !
You had almost forgot to speak of that.

Duke. Ay, there you touch me ! Yet though she be
prouder
Than the vex'd ocean at its topmost height
And every breeze will chafe her to a storm,
I love her still the better. Some prefer
Smoothly o'er an unwrinkled sea to glide ;
Others to ride the cloud-aspiring waves,
And hear, amid the rending tackles' roar,
The spirit of an equinoctial gale.
What though a patient and enduring lover—
Like a tame spaniel, that, with crouching eye,
Meets buffets and caresses—I have ta'en,
With humble thanks, her kindness and her scorn :
Yet, when I am her husband, she shall feel
I was not born to be a woman's slave ! [Crosses, 1.
Can you be secret ?

Count. You have found me so
In matters of some moment.

Duke. Listen, then :
“ I have prepared a penance for her pride,
“ To which a cell and sackcloth, and and the toils
“ Of a barefooted pilgrimage, were pastime.”—
As yet she knows me, as I truly am,
The Duke Aranza : in which character
I have fed high her proud and soaring fancy
With the description of my states and fortunes,
My princely mansions, my delicious gardens,
My carriages, my servants, and my pomp.
Now mark the contrast.—In the very height
And fullest pride of her ambitious hopes,
I take her to a miserable hut
(All things are well digested for the purpose ;))
Where, throwing off the title of a duke,
I will appear to her a low-born peasant.
There, with coarse raiment, household drudgery,
Laborious exercise, and cooling viands,
I will so lower her distempered blood,
And tame the devil in her, that, before

We have burnt out our happy honeymoon,
She, like a well-train'd hawk, shall, at my whistle,
Quit her high flights, and perch upon my finger,
To wait my bidding. [Crosses

Count. Most excellent ! A plot of rare invention :

Duke. "When, with a bold hand, I have weeded out
"The rank growth of her pride, she'll be a garden
"Lovely in blossom, rich in fruit ; till then,
"An unpruned wilderness."—But to your business.
How thrives your suit with her fair sister, Count ?

Count. The best advancement I can boast of in it
Is, that it goes not backward. She's a riddle,
Which he that solved the sphinx's would die guessing.
If I but mention love, she starts away,
And wards the subject off with so much skill,
That whether she be hurt or tickled most,
Her looks leave doubtful. Yet I fondly think
She keeps me (as the plover from her nest
Fearful misleads the traveller) from the point
Where live her warmest wishes, that are breathed
For me in secret.

Duke. You've her father's voice ?

Count. Yes : and we have concerted, that this evening,
Instead of Friar Dominick, her confessor,
Who from his pious office is disabled
By sudden sickness, I should visit her ;
And, as her mind's physician, feel the pulse
Of her affection.

Duke. May you quickly find
Her love to you the worst of her offences !
For then her absolution will be certain.
Farewell ! I see Rolando.
He is a common railer against women ;
And, on my wedding day, I will hear none
Blaspheme the sex. Besides, as once he failed
In the same suit that I have thriven in,
'Twill look like triumph. 'Tis a grievous pity
He follows them with such a settled spleen.
For he has noble qualities.

Count. Most rare ones—

A happy wit, and independent spirit.

Duke. And he is brave, too.

Count. Of as tried a courage
As ever walk'd up to the roaring throats
Of a deep-ranged artillery ; and planted,
'Midst fire and smoke, upon an enemy's wall,
The standard of his country.

Duke. Farewell, Count

Count. Success attend your schemes !

Duke. Fortune crown yours !

[*Exit, l.*

Enter ROLANDO, L.

Count. Signor Rolando, you seem melancholy.

Rol. As an old cat in the mumps. I met three women—
I marvel much they suffer them to walk
Loose in the streets, whilst other untamed monsters.
Are kept in cages—three loud talking women !
'They were discoursing of the newest fashions,
And their tongues went like—I have since been thinking
What most that active member of a woman
Of mortal things resembles.

Count. Have you found it ?

Rol. Umph ! Not exactly—something like a smoke-
jack ;

For it goes ever without winding up :
But that wears out in time—there fails the simile.
Next I bethought me of a water-mill ;
But that stands still on Sundays ;
Woman's tongue needs no reviving sabbath.
And, besides,
A mill, to give it motion, waits for grist ;
Now, whether she has aught to say or no,
A woman's tongue will go for exercise.
In short, I came to this conclusion :
Most earthly things have their similitudes,
But woman's tongue is yet incomparable.—
Was't not the duke that left you ?

Count. 'Twas.

Rol. He saw me,
And hurried off !

Count. Ay ! 'Twas most wise in him,
To shun the bitter flowing of your gall.—
You know he's on the brink of matrimony.

Rol. Why now, in reason, what can he expect,

To marry such a woman ?

A thing so closely pack'd with her own pride,
She has no room for any thought of him.

Why, she ne'er threw a word of kindness at him,
But when she quarrell'd with her monkey.—Then,

As he with nightly minstrelsy doled out

A lying ballad to her peerless beauty,

Unto his whining lute, and, at each turn,

Sigh'd like a paviour, the kind lady, sir,

Would lift the casement up—to laugh at him,

And vanish like a shooting star ; whilst he,

Like an astronomer in an eclipse,

Stood gazing on the spot whence she departed :

Then, stealing home, went supperless to bed,

And fed all night upon her apparition,—

Now, rather than espouse a thing like this,

I'd wed a bear that never learnt to dance,

Though her first hug were mortal.

Count. Peace, Rolando !

You rail at women as priests cry down pleasure ;

Who, for the penance which they do their tongues,

Give ample license to their appetites.

“ Come, come, however you may mask your nature,

“ I know the secret pulses of your heart

“ Beat towards them still.” A woman hater ! Pshaw !

A young and handsome fellow, and a brave one—

Rol. Go on.

Count. Had I a sister, mother, nay, grandam,

I'd no more trust her in a corner with thee,

Than cream within the whiskers of a cat.

Rol. Right ! I should beat her. You are very right,

I have a sneaking kindness for the sex ;

And could I meet a reasonable woman,

Fair without vanity, rich without pride,

Discreet though witty, learn'd, yet very humble ;

That has no ear for flattery, no tongue

For scandal ; one who never reads romances ;

Who loves to listen better than to talk,

And rather than be gadding would sit quiet ;

I'd marry, certainly. You shall find two such,

And we'll both wed together.

Count. You are merry.—

Where shall we dine together?

Rol. Not to-day.

Count. Nay, I insist.

Rol. Where shall I meet you, then?

Count. Here at the Mermaid.

Rol. I don't like the sign ;

A mermaid is half woman.

Count. Pshaw, Rolando !

You strain this humour beyond sense or measure.

Rol. Well, on condition that we're very private,
And that we drink no toast that's feminine,
I'll waste some time with you.

Count. Agreed.

Enter ZAMORA, L. (disguised as Eugenio.)

Rol. Go on, then ;

I will but give directions to my page,
And follow you.

Count. A pretty smooth-faced boy !

Rol. The lad is handsome ; and for one so young—
Save that his heart would flutter at a drum,
And he would rather eat his sword than draw it—
He is the noblest youth in Christendom.
When before Tunis,

I got well scratch'd for leaping on the walls
Too nimbly, that same boy attended me.
'Twould bring an honest tear into thine eye,
'To tell thee how, for ten days, without sleep,
And almost nourishment, he waited on me ;
Cheer'd the dull time, by reading merry tales ;
And when my festering body smarted most,
Sweeter than a fond mother's lullaby
Over her peevish child, he sung to me,
That the soft cadence of his dying tones
Dropp'd like an oily balsam on my wounds,
And breathed an healing influence throughout me.—
But this is womanish !—Order our dinner,
And I'll be with you presently.

Count. I will not fail.

[*Exit Count, R*

(*ZAMORA comes forward, L.*)

Rol. The wars are ended, boy.

Zam. I'm glad of that, sir.

Rol. You should be sorry if you love your master.—

Zam. Then I am very sorry.

Rol. We must part, boy !

Zam. Part ?

Rol. I am serious.

Zam. Nay, you cannot mean it.

Have I been idle, sir, or negligent ?

Sancy I'm sure I have not.—If aught else,

It is my first fault : chide me gently for it—

Nay, heavily ;—but do not say, we part !

Rol. I'm a disbanded soldier, without pay :

Fit only now, with rusty swords and hemlets,

To hang up in the armoury, till the wars

New burnish me again ; so poor, indeed,

I can but leanly cater for myself,

Much less provide for thee.

Zam. Let not that

Divides us, sir ; the thought of how I fared

Never yet troubled me, and shall not now.

“ Indeed, I never followed you for hire,

“ But for the simple and the pure delight

“ Of serving such a master.”—If we must part,

Let me wear out my service by degrees ;

To-day omit some sweet and sacred duty,

Some dearer one to-morrow ; slowly thus

My nature may be wean'd from her delight :

But suddenly to quit you, sir !—I cannot !—

I should go broken-hearted.

Rol. Pshaw, those tears !

Well, well, we'll talk of this some other day.

I dine with Count Montalban at the Mermaid :

In the mean time, go and amuse yourself

With what is worthiest note in this famed city.—

But hark, Eugenio ! 'Tis a wicked place ;

You'll meet (for they are weeds of every soil)

Abundance here of—women ;—keep aloof !

For they are like the smooth, but brittle, ice,

That tempts th' unpractised urchin to his ruin.

They are like comets, to be wonder'd at,

But not approach'd :

Go not within their reach !—

[*Exit, R*

Zam. Doubt me not, sir.—

What a hard fate is mine !—To follow thus

With love a gentleman that scorns my sex,
 And swears no great or noble quality
 Ever yet lived in woman !—When I read to him
 The story of Lucretia, or of Portia,
 Or other glorious dame, or some rare virgin,
 Who, cross'd in love, has died—'mid peals of laughter.
 He praises the invention of the writer :
 Or growing angry, bids me shut the book,
 Nor with such dull lies wear his patience out.—
 What opposition has a maid like me
 To turn the headstrong current of his spleen !—
 For though he sets off with a lavish tongue
 My humble merits, thinking me a boy.
 Yet, should I stand before his jaundiced sight
 A woman, all that now is fair in me
 Might turn to ugliness ; all that is good
 Appear the smooth gloss of hypocrisy ;—
 Yet I must venture the discovery,
 Though 'tis a fearful hazard. This perplexity
 Of hopes and fears makes up too sad a life ;
 I will, or lose him quite, or be his wife.

[*Exit, L.*SCENE II.—*A Room in Balthazar's House**Enter BALTHAZAR and VOLANTE, L.**Bal.* Not yet apparell'd ?*Vol.* 'Tis her wedding day, sir :

On such occasions women claim some grace.

Bal. How bears she

The coming of her greatness ?

Vol. Bravely, sir.

Instead of the high honors that await her,
 I think that, were she now to be enthroned,
 She would become her coronation :

For, when she has adjusted some stray lock,
 Or fix'd, at last, some sparkling ornament,
 She views her beauty with collected pride,

Musters her whole soul in her eyes, and says, [*Crosses, R.*
 "Look I not like an empress ?"—but she comes.—

*Enter JULIANA in her wedding dress, L.**Jul.* Well, sir, what think you ? Do I to the life

Appear a duchess, or will people say,
She does but poorly play a part which nature
Never design'd her for?—But, where's the duke?

Bal. Not come yet.

Jul. How? not come?—the duke not come!

Vol. Patience, sweet sister; oft without a murmur
It has been his delight to wait for you.

Jul. It was his duty.—Man was born to wait
On woman, and attend her sovereign pleasure!
This tardiness upon his wedding-day
Is but a sorry sample of obedience.

Bal. Obedience, girl!

Jul. Ay, sir, obedience!

Vol. Why, what a wire-drawn puppet you will make
The man you marry!—I suppose, ere long,
You'll choose how often he shall walk abroad
For recreation; fix his diet for him;
Bespeak his clothes, and say on what occasions
He may put on his finest suit—

Jul. Proceed.

[*Crosses, c*

Vol. Keep all the keys, and, when he bids his friends,
Metre out a modicum of wine to each.
Had you not better put him in a livery
At once, and let him stand behind your chair?
Why, I would rather wed a man of dough,
Such as some school-girl, when the pie is made,
To amuse her childish fancy, kneads at hazard
Out of the remnant paste—a paper man,
Cut by a baby. Heavens preserve me ever
From that dull blessing—an obedient husband!

Jul. And make you an obedient wife!—A thing
For lordly man to vent his humors on;
A dull domestic drudge to be abused.
“If you think so, my dear!” and, “As you please!”
And, “You know best!”—even when he nothing knows
I have no patience—that a free-born woman
Should sink the high tone of her noble nature
Down to a slavish whisper, for that compound
Of frail mortality they call a man,
And give her charter up to make a tyrant!

Bal. You talk it most heroically.—Pride
May be a proper bait to catch a lover,

But, trust me, daughter, it will not hold a husband.

Jul. Leave that to me—and what should I have caught,
If I had fish'd with your humility?—

Some pert apprentice, or rich citizen,
Who would have bought me ; some poor gentleman,
Whose high patrician blood would have descended
To wed a painter's daughter and—her ducats—

I felt my value, and still kept aloof ;
Nor stopp'd my eye till I had met the man,
Pick'd from all Spain, to be my husband, girl ;
And him I have so managed, that he feels
I have conferred an honour on his house,
By coyly condescending to be his.

Bal. He comes.

[*Crosses, L.*
Knocking, R.

Fol. Smooth your brow, sister.

Jul. For a man !

He must be one not made of mortal clay, then.

R. *Enter Four ATTENDANTS 1st, the DUKE 2nd ; the*
Attendants remain on R.

Oh ! you are come, sir ? I have waited for you !—
Is this your gallantry ? at such a time, too ?

Duke. I do entreat your pardon ;—if you knew
The pressing cause—

Fol. Let me entreat for him.

Bal. Come, girl, be kind.

Jul. Well, sir, you are forgiven.

Duke. You are all goodness ; let me on this hand—

[*Crosses to her, taking her hand, which she withdraws.*

Jul. Not yet, sir ;—'tis a virgin hand as yet,
And my own property :—forbear awhile,
And, with this humble person, 'twill be yours.

Duke. Exquisite modesty !—Come, let us on !
All things are waiting for the ceremony ;
And, till you grace it, Hymen's wasting torch
Burns dim and sickly.—Come, my Juliana.

[*Duke offers Juliana his hand, she refuses and crosses R.*
Balthazar bowing to the Duke passes him, and leads
Juliana off ; Duke goes next, Attendants follow.
Lively Music. Exeunt, R.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Cottage.*

Table and two chairs. A door on at 1st E. L.

Enter the DUKE, leading in JULIANA, L. D.

Duke. [*Brings a chair forward, c. and sits down.*] You are welcome home.

Jul. [*Crosses R.*] Home! You are merry; this retired spot

Would be a palace for an owl!

Duke. 'Tis ours.—

Jul. Ay, for the time we stay in it.

Duke. By Heaven,

This is the noble mansion that I spoke of!

Jul. This!—You are not in earnest, though you bear it With such a sober brow.—Come, come, you jest.

Duke. Indeed I jest not; were it ours in jest, We should have none, wife.

Jul. Are you serious, sir?

Duke. I swear, as I'm your husband, and no duke.

Jul. No duke?

Duke. But of my own creation, lady.

Jul. Am I betrayed—Nay, do not play the fool! It is too keen a joke.

Duke. You'll find it true.

Jul. You are no duke, then?

Duke. None.

Jul. Have I been cozened?

[*Aside.*

And have you no estate, sir?

No palaces, nor houses?

Duke. None but this:—

A small snug dwelling, and in good repair.

Jul. Nor money, nor effects?

Duke. None that I know of.

Jul. And the attendants who have waited on us—

Duke. They were my friends; who, having done my business,
Are gone about their own

Jul. Why, then, 'tis clear.— [Aside.
That I was ever born!—What are you, sir?

Duke. (*Rises.*) I am an honest man—that may content you.

Young, nor ill-favour'd—should not that content you?
I am your husband, and that must content you.

Jul. I will go home! [*Going, L.*

Duke. You are at home, already. [*Staying her.*

Jul. I'll not endure it!—But remember this—

Duke. or no duke, I'll be a duchess, sir! [*Crosses, L.*

Duke. A duchess! You shall be a queen,—to all

Who, by the courtesy, will call you so

Jul. And I will have attendance!

Duke. So you shall,

When you have learnt to wait upon yourself.

Jul. To wait upon myself! Must I bear this?

I could tear out my eyes, that bade you woo me,
And bite my tongue in two, for saying yes! [*Crosses, R.*

Duke. And if you should, 'twould grow again.—

I think, to be an honest yeoman's wife

(For such, my would-be duchess, you will find me,)

You were cut out by nature.

Jul. You will find, then,

That education, sir, has spoilt me for it.—

Why! do you think I'll work?

Duke. I think 'twill happen, wife.

Jul. What! Rub and scrub

Your noble palace clean?

Duke. Those taper fingers

Will do it daintily.

Jul. And dress your victuals

(If there be any)?—Oh! I could go mad! [*Crosses, L.*

Duke. And mend my hose, and darn my nightcaps neatly:

Wait, like an echo, till you're spoken to—

Jul. Or like a clock, talk only once an hour?

Duke. Or like a dial; for that quietly
Performs its work, and never speaks at all.

Jul. To feed your poultry and your hogs!—Oh, monstrous!

And when I stir abroad, on great occasions
Carry a squeaking tithe pig to the vicar;

Or jolt with higglers' wives the market trot,
To sell your eggs and butter !

(Crosses, L.)

Duke. Excellent !

How well you sum the duties of a wife !
Why, what a blessing I shall have in you !

Jul. A blessing !

Duke. When they talk of you and me,
Darby and Joan shall no more be remembered :—
We shall be happy !

Jul. Shall we ?

Duke. Wondrous happy !

Oh, you will make an admirable wife !

Jul. I'll make a devil.

Duke. What ?

Jul. A very devil.

Duke. Oh, no ! We'll have no devils.

Jul. I'll not bear it !

I'll to my father's !—

Duke. Gently : you forget

You are a perfect stranger to the road.

Jul. My wrongs will find a way, or make one.

Duke. Softly !

You stir not hence, except to take the air ;
And then I'll breathe it with you.

Jul. What, confine me ?

Duke. 'Twould be unsafe to trust you yet abroad.

Jul. Am I a truant schoolboy ?

Duke. Nay, not so ;

But you must keep your bounds.

Jul. And if I break them

Perhaps you'll beat me.—

Duke. Beat you !

'The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward—
I'll talk to you, lady, but not beat you.

Jul. Well, if I may not travel to my father
I may write to him, surely !—And I will—
If I can meet within your spacious dukedom
Three such unhop'd-for miracles at once,
As pens, and ink, and paper.

Duke. You will find them

In the next room.—A word, before you go—
You are my wife, by every tie that's sacred ;
The partner of my fortune and my bed—

Jul. Your fortune !

Duke. Peace !—No fooling, idle woman !
Beneath th' attesting eye of Heaven I've sworn
To love, to honour, cherish, and protect you.
No human power can part us. What remains, then ?
To fret, and worry and torment each other,
And give a keener edge to our hard fate
By sharp upbraidings, and perpetual jars ?—
Or, like a loving and a patient pair
(Waked from a dream of grandeur, to depend
Upon their daily labour for support,)
To soothe the taste of fortune's lowliness
With sweet consent, and mutual fond endearment ?—
Now to your chamber—write whate'er you please ;
But pause before you stain the spotless paper,
With words that may inflame, but cannot heal !

Jul. Why, what a patient worm you take me for !

Duke. I took you for a wife ; and, ere I've done.
I'll know you for a good one.

Jul. You shall know me

For a right woman, full of her own sex ;
Who, when she suffers wrong, will speak her anger :
Who feels her own prerogative, and scorns,
By the proud reason of superior man,
To be taught patience, when her swelling heart
Cries out revenge ! [Exit at door in c.

Duke. Why, let the flood rage on !
There is no tide in woman's wildest passion
But hath an ebb.—I've broke the ice, however.—
Write to her father !—She may write a folio—
But if she send it !—'Twill divert her spleen,—
The flow of ink may save her blood-letting.
Perchance she may have fits !—They are seldom mortal,
Save when the Doctor's sent for.—
Though I have heard some husbands say, and wisely,
A woman's honour is her safest guard,
Yet there's some virtue in a lock and key. [Locks the door.
So, thus begins our honey-moon.—'Tis well !
For the first fortnight, ruder than March winds,

She'll blow a hurrreane. The next, perhaps,
 Like April she may wear a changeful face
 Of storm and sunshine : and, when that is past,
 She will break glorious as unclouded May ;
 And where the thorns grew bare, the spreading blossoms
 Meet with no lagging frost to kill their sweetness.—
 Whilst others, for a month's delirious joy.
 Buy a dull age of penance, we, more wisely,
 Taste first the wholesome bitter of the cup,
 That after to the very lees shall relish ;
 And to the close of this frail life prolong
 The pure delights of a well-governed marriage. *Exit, R.*

SCENE II.—*Balthazar's house.*

Enter BALTHAZAR, followed by the COUNT, disguised as a Friar,
R.

Bal. These things premised, you have my full consent
 To try my daughter's humour ;
 But observe me, sir !——
 I will use no compulsion with my child :
 If I had tendered thus her sister Zamora,
 I should not now have mourned a daughter lost !

Enter VOLANTE, L.

Vol. What is your pleasure ?

Bal. Know this holy man ;

[Introducing the Count to her.

It is the father confessor I spoke of.
 Though he looks young, in all things which respect
 His sacred function he is deeply learned.

Vol. It is the Count !

[Aside.

Bal. I leave you to his guidance :

[Crosses, R.

To his examination and free censure,
 Commit your actions and your private thoughts.

Vol. I shall observe, sir—

[Exit, Balthazar, R.

Nay, 'tis he, I'll swear !

[Aside

Count. Pray Heaven she don't suspect me ! Well,
 young lady, you have heard your father's commands ?

Vol. Yes : and now he has left us alone, what are we to
 do ?

Count I am to listen and you are to confess.

Vol. What ! And then you are to confess, and I am to listen ?—Oh ! I'll take care you shall do penance though
[*Aside.*]

Count. Pshaw !

Vol. Well ; but when am I to confess !

Count. Your sins, daughter ; your sins.

Vol. What ! all of them ?

Count. Only the great ones.

Vol. The great ones ! Oh, you must learn those of my neighbors, whose business it is, like yours, to confess every body's sins but their own, If now you would be content with a few trifling peccadilloes, I would own them to you with all the frankness of an author, who gives his reader the paltry errata of the press, but leave him to find out all the capital blunders of the work itself.

Count. Nay, lady, this is trifling : I am in haste.

Vol. In haste ! Then suppose I confess my virtues ? You shall have the catalogue of them in a single breath

Count. Nay, then, I must call your father.

Vol. Why, then, to be serious :—If you will tell me of any very enormous offences which I may have lately committed, I shall have no objection in the world to acknowledge them to you.

Count. It is publicly reported, daughter, you are in love.

Vol. So, so ! Are you there ! (*Aside*) That I am in love ?

Count. With a man—

Vol. Why, what should a woman be in love with ?

Count. You interrupt me, lady.—A young man.

Vol. I'm not in love with an old one, certainly.—But is love a crime, father ?

Count. Heaven forbid !

Vol. Why, then, you have nothing to do with it.

Count. Ay, but the concealing it is a crime.

Vol. Oh, the concealing it is a crime ?

Count. Of the first magnitude.

Vol. Why, then, I confess—

Count. Well, what ?

Vol. That the Count Mantalban—

Count. Go on !

Vol. Is—

Count. Proceed !

Vol. Desperately in love with me

Count. Pshaw ! That's not the point !

Vol. Well, well, I'm coming to it : and not being able in his own person to learn the state of my affections, has taken the benefit of clergy, and assumed the disguise of a friar.

Count. Discovered !

Vol. Ha ! ha ! ha !—You are but a young masquader or you wouldn't have left your vizer at home. Come, come, Count, pull off your lion's apparel, and confess yourself an ass. [*Count takes off the Friar's gown.*]

Count. Nay, Volante, hear me !

Vol. Not a step nearer !—The snake is still dangerous, though he has cast his skin. I believe you are the first lover on record, that ever attempted to gain the affections of his mistress by discovering her faults. Now, if you had found out more virtues in my mind than there will ever be room for, and more charms in my person than ever my looking-glass can create, why, then, indeed—

Count. What then ?

Vol. Then I might have confessed what it's now impossible I can ever confess ; and so farewell, my noble count confessor ! [*Exit, l.*]

Count. Farewell

And when I've hit upon the longitude,
And plumbed the yet unfathomed ocean,
I'll make another venture for thy love.
Here comes her father.—I'll be fooled no longer.

Enter BALTHAZAR, R.

Bal. Well, sir, how thrive you ?

Count. E'en as I deserve :

Your daughter has discovered, mock'd at, and left me.

Bal. Yet I've another scheme.

Count. What is't ?

Bal. My daughter,

Being a lover of my art, of late
Has vehemently urged to see your portrait ;
Which, now, 'tis finish'd, I stand pledged she shall.
Go to the picture room—and stand there conceal'd :
Here is the key. I'll send my daughter straight :
And if, as we suspect, her heart leans tow'ards you,

In some unguarded gesture, speech, or action,
Her love will suddenly break out — Away ! { *COUNT crosses R*
I hear her coming.

Count. There's some hope in this.

Bal. It shall do wonders.—Hence ! *Exit COUNT, R.*

Enter VOLANTE, L.

Vol. What, is he gone, sir ?

Bal. Gone ! D'ye you think the man is made of marble ?
Yes, he is gone.

Vol. For ever ?

Bal. Ay, forever.

Vol. Alas, poor Count !—Or has he only left you
To study some new character ? Pray, tell me,
What will he next appear in ?

Bal. This is folly.

'Tis time to call your wanton spirits home—.

You are too wild of speech.

Vol. My thoughts are free, sir ;
And those I utter—

Bal. Far too quickly, girl ;
Your shrewdness is a scarecrow to your beauty.

Vol. It will fright none but fools, sir : men of sense must
naturally admire in us the quality they most value in them-
selves ; a blockhead only protests against the wit of a wo-
man, because he cannot answer her drafts upon his under-
standing. But now we talk of the Count, don't you remem-
ber your promise, sir ?

Bal. Umph ! (*Aside.*) What promise, girl ?

Vol. That I should see your picture of him

Bal. So you shall, when you can treat the original with
a little more respect.

Vol. Nay, sir, a promise !

Bal. Well, you'll find the door open. (*VOLANTE crosses R.*)
But, before you go, tell me honestly, how do you like
the count, his person, and under-standings ?

Vol. Why, as to his person, I don't think he's handsome
enough to pine himself to death for his own shadow, like
the youth in the fountain—nor yet so ugly as to be frighten-
ed to dissolution if he should look at himself in a glass.
Then, as to his understanding, he has hardly wit enough to
pass for a madman, nor yet so little as to be taken for a fool

In short, sir, I think the Count is very well worth any young woman's contemplation—when she has no better earthly thing to think about.

[*Runs off*, R.]

Bal. So the glad bird, that flutters from the net,
Grown wanton with the thought of his escape,
Flies to the lined bush, and there is caught.
I'll steal and watch their progress.

[*Exit*, R.]

SCENE III.—*The Picture Room.*

The Count discovered concealing himself behind his portrait.

Enter VOLANTE, R.

Vol. Confess that I love the Count!—A woman may do a more foolish thing than to fall in love with such a man, and a wiser one than to tell him of it. (*Looks at the picture*) 'Tis very like him—the hair is a shade too dark—and rather too much complexion for a despairing enamorado. Confess that I love him!—Now there is only his picture: I'll see if I can't play the confessor a little better than he did. (*She advances in centre of the stage to speak the following. The Count comes from behind the picture and listens.*) “Daughter, they tell me you're in love?”—“Well, father, there is no harm in speaking the truth.”—“With the Count Montalban, daughter?”—“Father, you are not a confessor, but a conjuror!”—“They add, moreover, that you have named the day for your marriage?”—“There, father, you are misinformed; for, like a discreet maiden, I have left that for him to do.” Then he should throw off his disguise—I should gaze at him with astonishment—he should open his arms, whilst I sunk gently into them—(*The Count catches her in his arms.*)—The Count!

Enter BALTHAZAR, R. U. E.

—My father, too! Nay, then, I am fairly hunted into the toil. There, take my hand, Count, while I am free to give it.

Enter OLMEDO, with a Letter, R.

Olm. A letter, sir.

[*Exit*, R.]

Bal. From Juliana.

[*Opens the letter*.]

Vol. (c.) Well, what says she, sir?

Count. (L.) This will spoil all.

[Aside.]

Vol. It bears untoward news :

Is she not well, sir ?

Bal. (R.) 'Tis not that !

Vol. What then, sir ?—

See how he knits his brow !

Bal. Here must be throats cut

Vol. What moves you thus sir ?

Bal. That would stir a statue !

Your friend's a villain, sir ! (*Crosses to the Count*) Read,
read it out—

And you, if I mistake not, are another !

Vol. What can this mean ?

Bal. Peace ! hear him read the letter.

Count. [Reads.] *Dearest father ! I am deceived, betrayed,
insulted !*

The man whom I have married, is no duke !

Vol. No duke !

Bal. I'll be revenged ! Read, sir—read !

Count. [Reads.] "*He has neither fortune, family nor
friends.*"—

Bal. You must have known all this, sir—But proceed !

Count. [Reads.] "*He keeps me a prisoner here, in a miserable
hovel ; from whence, unless I am speedily rescued by your in-
terference, you may never hear more of your forlorn, abused,*
"JULIANA."

Bal. What answer you to this, sir ?

Count. Nothing.

Vol. How !

Bal. 'Tis plain you are a partner in the trick
That robb'd a doting father of his child.

Count. Suspend your anger but a few short days,
And you shall find, though now a mystery
Involves my friend—

Bal. A mystery ! What mystery !
There are no mysteries in honest men :
What mystery, I say, can salve this conduct ?
Is he a duke ?

Count, I cannot answer that.

[Crosses, R.]

Bal. Then he's a villain !

Count. Nay, upon my soul,
He means you fairly, honourably, nobly.

Bal. I will away to night,—Olmedo ! Perez !
Get my horses !

You have some mystery, too, sir ! But, ere I set
My sole surviving hope on such an hazard,
I'll look into your countship's pedigree ;
And for your noble, honourable duke,
I'll travel night and day until I reach him !
And he shall find I am not yet so old
But that my blood will flame at such an insult,
And my sword leap into my grasp. Believe me
I will have full revenge !

Count. You shall.

Bal. I will, sir !
And speedily !

Count. Proceed, then, on your journey.
With your good leave, I'll bear you company.
And as the traveler, perplex'd awhile
In the benighting mazes of a forest,
Breaks on a champaign country, smooth and level,
And sees the sun shine glorious, so shall you, sir,
Behold a bright close, and a golden end,
To this now dark adventure.

Vol. Go, my father !

Bal. You speak in riddles, sir ; yet you speak true.

Count. And, if I speak not truly, may my hope
In this fair treasure be extinct forever !

Bal. Then quickly meet us here, prepared for travel
If, from the cloud that overhangs us now,
Such light shall break as you have boldly promised,
My daughter and my blessing still are yours, sir.

Count. Blest in that word, I quit you. [Exit, R.]

Bal. Come, girl ! [Crosses, R.]
This shall be sifted thoroughly : till then
You must remain a fresh ungather'd flower.

Vol. Well, sir ; I am not yet so overblown,
But I may hang some time upon the tree,
And still be worth the plucking. [Exeunt, L.]

SCENE IV.—*The cottage.—Table, chair.*

*Enter the DUKE, R. in a peasant's Dress : he unlocks the Door
in Flat.*

Duke. She hath composed a letter ; and what's worse

Contrived to send it by a village boy
That passed the window.—Yet she now appears
Profoundly penitent. It cannot be ;
'Tis a conversion too miraculous.
Her cold disdain yields with too free a spirit ;
Like ice, which, melted by unnatural heat—
Not by the gradual and kindly thaw
Of the resolving elements—give it air,
Will straight congeal again.—She comes—I'll try her

Enter JULIANA in a Peasant's Dress, through Door in Front.

Why, what's the matter now ?

Jul. That foolish letter !

Duke. What ! You repent of having written it ?

Jul. I do, indeed. I could cut off my fingers
For being partners in the act.

Duke. No matter ;
You may indite one in a milder spirit,
That shall pluck out its sting.

Jul. I can—

Duke. You must.

Jul. I can.

Duke. You shall.

Jul. I will, if 'tis your pleasure.

Duke. Well replied.

I now see plainly you have found your wits,
And are a sober, metamorphosed woman.

Jul. I am, indeed.

Duke. I know it ; I can read you.
There is a true contrition in your looks :—
Yours is no penitence in masquerade—
You are not playing on me ?

Jul. Playing, sir.

Duke. You have found out the vanity of those things
For which you lately sigh'd so deep ?

Jul. I have, sir.

Duke. A dukedom !—Pshaw !—It is an idle thing

Jul. I have begun to think so.

Duke. That's a lie !

[*Aside.*

Is not this tranquil and retired spot
More rich in real pleasures, than a palace ?

Jul. I like it infinitely.

Duke. That's another !

[*Aside*

The mansion's small, 'tis true, but very snug

Jul. Exceeding snug !

Duke. The furniture not splendid,

But then all useful !

Jul. All exceeding useful !

There's not a piece on't but serves twenty purposes.

[*Aside.*

Duke. And, though we're seldom plagued by visitors,

We have the best of company—ourselves.

Nor, whilst our limbs are full of active youth,

Need we loiter in a carriage to provoke

A lazy circulation of the blood,

[*Takes her arm and walks about.*

When walking is a nobler exercise.

Jul. More wholesome too.

Duke. And far less dangerous.

Jul. That's certain !

Duke. Then for servants, all agree,

They are the greatest plagues on earth.

Jul. No doubt on't !

Duke. Who, then, that has a taste for happiness,

Would live in a large mansion, only fit

To be an habitation for the winds ;

Keep gilded ornaments for dust and spiders ;

See every body, care for nobody ;

When they could live as we do ?

Jul. Who, indeed ?

Duke. Here we want nothing.

Jul. Nothing !—Yes, one thing.

Duke. Indeed ! What's that ?

Jul. You will be angry !

Duke. Nay—

Not if it be a reasonable thing.

Jul. What wants the bird, who, from his wiry prison,

Sings to the passing travellers of air

A wistful note—that she were with them, sir !

Duke. Umph ! What, your liberty ? I see it now.

[*Aside.*

Jul. 'Twere a pity in such a paradise

I should be caged !

Duke. Why, whither would you, wife ?

Jul. Only to taste the freshness of the air,
That breathes a wholesome spirit from without ;
And weave a chaplet for you, of those flowers
That throw their perfume through my window bars,
And then I will return, sir.

Duke. Your are free ;—

[*Juliana crosses L., Duke takes her R. hand.*

But use your freedom wisely.

Jul. Doubt me not, sir !—

I'll use it quickly too.

[*Aside, and Exit, L.*

Duke. But I do doubt you.—

There is a lurking devil in her eye,
That plays at bopeep there, in spite of her.—
Her anger is but smother'd not burnt out—
And ready, give it vent, to blaze again.

You have your liberty—

But I shall watch you closely, lady,
And see that you abuse it not.

[*Exit, L.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Inn.*

ROLANDO sitting at a Table with wine.—Two Chairs.

Rol. 'Sdeath, that a reasonable thinking man
Should leave his friend and bottle for a woman !—
Here is the Count, now, who, in other matters,
Has a true judgment, only seethe his blood
With a full glass beyond his usual stint,
And woman like a wildfire, runs throughout him.—
Immortal man is but a shuttlecock,
And wine and women are the battledores
That keep him going !—What ! Eugenio !

Enter ZAMORA, (as Eugenio.) L.

Zam. Your pleasure, sir ?

Rol. I am alone, and wish you to finish the story you
began,

It is mournful, yet 'tis pleasing !

Zam. It was, indeed, a melancholy tale
From which I learnt it.

Rol. Lives it with you still !

Zam. Faintly, as would an ill-remember'd dream, sir :
Yet so far I remember—Now my heart— [Aside

'Twas of a gentleman—a soldier, sir,
Of a brave spirit ; and his outward form
A frame to set a soul in. He had a page,
Just such a boy as I, a faithful stripling,
Who, out of pure affection, and true love,
Follow'd his fortune to the wars.

Rol. Why this
Is our own history.

Zam. So far indeed,
But not beyond, it bore resemblance, sir.
For in the sequel (so, sir, the story ran)—
Turn'd out to be a woman.

Rol. How ! a woman ?

Zam. Yes, sir, a woman.

Rol. Live with him a twelvemonth,
And he not find the secret out !

Zam. 'Twas strange !

Rol. Strange ! 'twas impossible ! At the first blush,
A palpable and most transparent lie !
Why, if the soldier had been such an ass,
She had herself betray'd it !—

Zam. Yet, 'tis said,
She kept it to her death ;—that oft as love
Would heave the struggling passion to her lips,
Shame set a seal upon them ; thus long time
She nourish'd, in this strife of love and modesty,
An inward slow-consuming martyrdom,
Till, in the sight of him her soul most cherished,—
Like flow'rs, that on a river's margin fading
Through lack of moisture, drop into the stream,—
So, sinking in his arms, her parting breath
Reveal'd her story.

Rol. You have told it well, boy !—

Zam. I feel it deeply, sir ; I knew the lady

Rol. Knew her ! You don't believe it ?

Zam. What regards

Her death I will not vouch for ; but the rest—
 Her hopeless love, her silent patience,
 The struggle 'twixt her passion and her pride—
 I was a witness to.—Indeed, her story
 Is a most true one.

Rol. She should not have died !—
 A wench like this were worth a soldier's love,
 And were she living now——

Enter the Count, L.

Zam. (*Aside.*) 'Tis well ! [*Rolando crosses to Count.*]

Count. Strange things have happen'd, since we parted,
 captain !—

I must away to-night.

Rol. To-night and whither ?

Count. 'Tis yet a secret. Thus much you shall know,
 If a short fifty miles you'll bear me company
 You shall see——

Rol. What ?

Count. A woman tamed.

Rol. No more !

I'll go a hundred !—Do I know the lady ?

Count. What think you of our new-made duchess ?

Rol. She ?

What mortal man has undertaken her ?—

Perhaps the keeper of the beasts, the fellow

That puts his head into the lion's mouth,

Or else some tiger-tamer to a nabob !

Count. Who, but her husband ?

Rol. With what weapons ?

Count. Words.

Rol. With words ? Why, then, ne must invent a lan-
 guage

Which yet the learned have no glimpses of.

Fasting and fustigation may do something ;

I've heard that death will quiet some of them ;

But words !—mere words ! cool'd by the breath of man !—

He may preach tame a howling wilderness ;

Silence a full-mouth'd battery with snow-balls ;

Quench fire with oil ; with his repelling breath

Puff back the northern blast ; whistle 'gainst thunder :

These things are feasible.—But still a woman

With the nine parts of speech !—

[Crosses L.

Count. You know him not.

Rol. I know the lady.

Count. Yet, I tell you

He has the trick to draw the serpent's fang,

And yet not spoil her beauty.

Rol. Could he discourse, with fluent eloquence,

More languages than Babel sent abroad,

The simple rhet'ric of her mother tongue

Would pose him presently ; for woman's voice

Sounds like a fiddle in a concert, always

The shrillest, if not the loudest, instrument.

But we shall see.

[*Exeunt Count and Rolando, L*

Zam. He was touch'd, surely, with the pitcons tale

Which I deliver'd ; and but that the Count

Prevented him, would have broken freely out

Into a full confession of his feeling

Tow'rd's such a woman as I painted to him.—

Why, then, my boy's habiliments, adieu !

Henceforth, my woman's gear—I'll trust to you. [*Exit, R.*

SCENE II.—*The Duke's Palace A State Choir, c.*

Enter CAMPILLO, the Duke's Steward, and PEDRO, R.

Ped. But can no one tell the meaning of this fancy ?

Cam. No : 'tis the Duke pleasure, and that's enough for us. You shall hear his own words :—

"For reasons, that I shall hereafter communicate, it is necessary that Jaquez should, in all things, at present, act as my representative; you will, therefore, command my household to obey him as myself, until you hear further from

(Signed) ARANZA."

Ped. Well, we must wait the upshot. But how bears Jaquez his new dignity ?

Cam. Like most men in whom sudden fortune combats against long-established habit [*Laughing without, R. U. E.*

Ped. By their merriment, this should be he.

Cam. Stand aside, and let us note him. [*Exit PEDRO, L.*

Enter JAQUEZ, R. U. E. dressed as the Duke, followed by six ATTENDANTS, who in vain endeavour to restrain their laughter.

Jaq. Why, you ragamuffins ! What d'ye titter at ? Am I the first great man that has been made off hand by a tailor ! Show your grinders again, and I'll hang you like onions, fifty on a rope. I can't think what they see ridiculous about me, except, indeed, that I feel as if I was in armour, and my sword has a trick of getting between my legs like a monkey's tail, as if it was determined to trip up my nobility.—And now, villains ! Don't let me see you tip the wink to each other, as I do the honours of my table. If I tell one of my best stories, don't any of you laugh before the jest comes out, to shew that you have heard it before :—take care that you don't call me by my Christian name, and then pretend it was by accident ; that shall be transportation at least :—and when I drink a health to all friends, don't fancy that any of you are of the number.—

Enter PEDRO, L.

Well, sir ?

Ped. There is a lady without presses vehemently to speak to your grace.

Jaq. A lady ?

Ped. Yes, your highness.

Jaq. Is she young ?

Ped. Very, your grace !

Jaq. Handsome ?

Ped. Beautiful, your highness !

Jaq. Send her in.—(*Exit PEDRO, L.*)—You may retire ; (*The attendants retire up the Stage a little.*) I'll finish my instructions bye-and-bye.—Young and handsome !—I'll attend to her business in *propria persona*. Your old and ugly ones I shall despatch by deputy. Now to alarm her with my consequence, and then sooth her with my condescension. I must appear important : big as a country pedagogue, when he enters the school room with—a-hem ! and terrifies the apple-munching urchins with the creaking of his shoes I'll swell like a shirt bleaching in a high wind ; and look burly as a Sunday beadle, when he has kicked down the unhallowed stall of a profane old apple woman.—Bring my chair of state !—Hush !

The attendants place the state chair, c.

Enter PEDRO and JULIANA. Pedro goes to the other attendants.

Jul. I come, great duke, for justice !

Jaq. You shall have it.

Of what do you complain ?

Jul. My husband, sir !

Jaq. I'll hang him instantly !—What's his offence !

Jul. He has deceived me.

Jaq. A very common case ;—few husbands answer their wives' expectations.

Jul. He has abused your grace—

Jaq. Indeed ? If he has done that, he swings most loftily. But how, lady, how ?

Jul. Shortly thus, sir :

Being no better than a low-born peasant,
He has assumed your character and person—

Enter the DUKE, L.

Oh ! you are here ?—This is he, my lord.

[Crosses behind chair to R.

Jaq. Indeed ! (*Aside.*) Then I must tickle him. Why, fellow, d'ye take this for an alehouse, that you enter with such a swagger ?—Know you where you are, sir ?

Duke. The rouge reproves me well ! I had forgot—

[Aside.

Most humbly I entreat your grace's pardon,
For this unmush'd visit ; but the fear
Of what this wayward woman might allege
Beyond the truth—

Jul. I have spoken naught but truth.—

Duke. Has made me thus unmannerly

Jaq. 'Tis well ! You might have used more ceremony.
Proceed. *[To Juliana]*

Jul. This man, my lord, as I was saying,
Passing himself upon my inexperience
For the right owner of this sumptuous palace,
Obtain'd my slow consent to be his wife :
And cheated, by this shameful perfidy,
Me of my hopes—my father of his child.

Jaq. Why, this is swindling ;—obtaining another man's goods under false pretences,—that is, if a woman be a

good—that will make a very intricate point for the judges.
—Well, sir, what have you to say in your defence?

Duke. I do confess I put this trick upon her ;
And for my transient usurpation

Of your most noble person, with contrition
I bow me to the rigour of the law.—

But for the lady, sir, she can't complain.

Jul. How, not complain? To be thus vilely cozen'd,
And not complain !

Jaq. Peace, woman !—Though justice be blind, she is
not deaf.

Duke He does it to the life !— [*Aside.*

Had not her most exceeding pride been doting,
She might have seen the difference, at a glance,
Between your grace and such a man as I am.

Jaq. She might have seen that certainly—Proceed.

Duke. Nor did I fall so much beneath her sphere,
Being what I am, as she had soar'd above it,
Had I been that which I have only feign'd.

Jaq. Yet you deceived her ?

Jul. Let him answer that.

Duke. I did : most men in something cheat their wives,
Wives gull their husbands ; 'tis the course of wooing.

Now, bating that my title and my fortune

Were evanescent, in all other things

I acted like a plain and honest suitor.

I told her she was fair, but very proud ;

That she had taste in music, but no voice ;

That she danced well, yet still might borrow grace

From such or such a lady. To be brief,

I praised her for no quality she had not,
Nor over-prized the talents she possess'd ;—

Now, save in what I have before confess'd,

I challenge her worst spite to answer me,

Whether, in all attentions, which a woman—

A gentle and a reasonable woman—

Looks for, I have not to the height fulfill'd,

If not outgone, her expectations ?

Jaq. Why, if she has no cause of complaint since you
were married—

Duke. I dare her to the proof on't.

Jaq. Is it so, woman ?

[*To Juliana.*

Jul. I don't complain of what has happen'd since ;
The man has made a tolerable husband ;
But for the monstrous cheat he put upon me
I claim to be divorced.

Jaq. It cannot be !

Jul. Cannot ! my lord ?

Jaq. No.—You must live with him.

Jul. Never !

Duke. Or, if your grace will give me leave—
We have been wedded yet a few short days—
Let us wear out a month as man and wife ;
If at the end on't, with uplifted hands,
Morning and ev'ning, and sometimes at noon,
And bended knees, she doesn't plead more warmly
Than e're she prayed 'gainst stale virginity.
To keep me for her husband—

Jul. If I do !—

Duke. Then let her will be done, that seeks to part us !

Jul. I do implore your grace to let it stand
Upon that footing !

Jaq. Humph !—Well, it shall be so !—With this provi-
so—that either of you are at liberty to hang yourselves in
the mean time. [Rises.

[The Attendants remove the chair back, and exeunt, R. U. E.]

Duke. We thank your providence.—Come, Juliana—

Jul. Well, there's my hand—a month's soon past, and
then—

I am your humble servant, sir.

Duke. For ever.

Jul. Nay, I'll be hang'd first.

Duke. That may do as well.

Come, you'll think better on't !

Jul. By all—

Duke. No swearing.

Jul. No, no—no swearing.

Duke. We humbly take our leaves.

[Exeunt Duke and Juliana, L.]

Jaq. I begin to find, by the strength of my nerves, and
the steadiness of my countenance, that I was certainly in-
tended for a great man ;—for what more does it require to
be a great man, than boldly to put on the appearance of
it ?—How many sage politicians are there, who can scarce

comprehend the mystery of a mouse-trap ;—valiant generals, who wouldn't attack a bullrush unless the wind were in their favour ; profound lawyers, who would make excellent wig-blocks ;—and skilful physicians, whose knowledge extends no farther than writing death-warrants in Latin ; and are shining examples—that a man will never want gold in his pocket, who carries plenty of brass in his face !—It will be rather awkward, to be sure, to resign at the end of a month :—but, like other great men in office, I must make the most of my time, and retire with a good grace, to avoid being turned out—as a well-bred dog always walks down stairs, when he sees preparations on foot for kicking him into the street. [Exit, R.

SCENE III.—*An Inn.*

Enter BALTHAZAR as having fallen from his Horse, supported by VOLANTE and the COUNT, and preceded by the Hostess, L.

Hostess. This way, this way, if you please.—Alas, poor gentleman ! (*Brings a chair.*) How do you feel now, sir ?
[*They set him down.*

Bal. I almost think my brains are where they should be——

Confound the jade !—Though they dance merrily
 To thier own music.

Count. Is the surgeon sent for ?

Hostess. Here he comes, sir.

Enter LAMPEDO, L.

Lam. Is this the gentleman ?

[*Advances towards Balthazar,*

Bal. I want no surgeon ; all my bones are whole.

Vol. Pray take advice !

Bal. Well !—doctor, I have doubts

Whether my soul be shaken from my body,—
 Else I am whole.

Lam. 'Then you are safe, depend on't ;

Your soul and body are not yet divorced—

Though if they were, we have a remedy.

Nor have you fracture, sir, simple or compound :—

Yet very feverish ! I begin to fear
Some inward bruise—a very raging pulse !—
We must phlebotomize !

Bal. You won't ! Already
There is too little blood in these old veins
To do my cause full justice.

Lam. Quick, and feverish !—
He must lie down a little ; for as yet
Ais blood and spirits being all in motion,
There is too great confusion in the symptoms,
To judge discreetly from.

Bal. I'll not lie down !

Vol. Nay, for an hour, or so ?

Well, be it so.

Hostess. I'll shew you to a chamber : this way, this way,
if you please. [*Exeunt all but Lampedo, R.*]

Lam. 'Tis the first patient, save the miller's mare,
And an old lady's cat, that has the phthisic,
That I have touch'd these six weeks.—Well, good hostess !

Re-enter HOSTESS, R.

How fares your guest ?

Hostess. He must not go to night !

Lam. No ; nor to-morrow—

Hostess. Nor the next day, neither !

Lam. Leave that to me.—

Hostess. He has no hurt, I fear ?

Lam. None :—but, as you are his cook, and I'm his
doctor.

Such things may happen.—You must make him ill.

And I must keep him so—for, to say truth,

'Tis the first biped customer I've handled

This many a day : they fall but slowly in—

Like the subscribers to my work on fevers.

Hostess. Hard times, indeed !—No business stirring my
way.

Lam. So I should guess, from your appearance, Hostess,
You look as if, for lack of company,

You were obliged to eat up your whole larder.

Hostess. Alas ! 'Tis so—

Yet I contrive to keep my spirits up.

Lam. Yes : and your flesh too.—Look at me !

Hostess. Why, truly,
You look half starved.

Lam. Half starved ! I wish you'd tell me
Which half of me is fed. I show more points
Than an old horse, that has been three weeks pounded—
“ Yet I do all to tempt them into sickness.
“ Have I not in the jaws of bankruptcy,
“ And to the desolation of my person,
“ Painted my shop, that it looks like a rainbow ?
“ New double-gilt my pestle and my mortar,
“ That some, at a distance, take it for the sun ?
“ And blazed in flaming letters o'er my door.
“ Each one a glorious constellation,
“ Surgeon, Apothecary, Accoucher—
“ (For midwife is grown vulgar) ?—Yet they ail not.
“ Phials and gallipots still keep their ranks,
“ As if there was no cordial virtue in them.
“ The healing chime of pulverizing drugs
“ They shun as 'twere a tolling bell, or death-watch.
“ I never give a dose, or set a limb ! ”

But, come, we must devise, we must devise
How to make much of this same guest, sweet Hostess.

Hostess. You know I always make the most of them.

Lam. Spoke like an ancient tapstress !—Come, let's
in—

And, whilst I soothe my bowels with an omelette
(For like a nest of new-waked rooklings, Hostess,
They caw for provender,) and take a glass
Of thy Falernian—we will think of means ——
For though to cure men be beyond our skill,
'Tis hard, indeed, if we can't keep them ill. [Exeunt, R.

SCENE IV.—*The Cottage, a Table and three Chairs.*

Enter the DUKE, bringing in JULIANA, L. D.

Duke. Nay, no resistance !—For a month, at least,
I am your husband.

Jul. True !—And what's a husband ?

Duke. (Puts her over to the R.) Why, as some wives
would metamorphose him,
A very miserable ass, indeed !

“ Mere fullers’ earth, to bleach their spotted credit :

“ A blotting paper to drink up their stains !”

Jul. True, there are many such.

Duke. And there are men,
Whom not a swelling lip, or wrinkled brow,
Or the loud rattle of a woman’s tongue—
Or what’s more hard to parry, the warm close
Of lips, that from the inmost heart of man
Plucks out his stern resolves—can move one jot
From the determined purpose of his soul,
Or stir an inch from his prerogative.—
Ere it be long, you’ll dream of such a man.

Jul. Where, waking, shall I see him ?

Duke. Look on me !
Come, to your chamber !

Jul. I won’t be confined !

Duke. Won’t !—Say you so ?

Jul. Well, then, I do request
You won’t confine me.

Duke. You’ll leave me ?

Jul. No indeed !
As there is truth in language, on my soul
I will not leave you !

Duke. You’ve deceived me once—

Jul. And, therefore, do not merit to be trusted
I do confess it :—but, by all that’s sacred,
Give me my liberty, and I will be
A patient, drudging, most obedient wife !

Duke. Yes : but a grumbling one ?

Jul. No ; on my honour,
I will do all you ask, ere you have said it.

Duke. And with no secret murmur of your spirit ?

Jul. With none, believe me !

Duke. Have a care !
For if I catch you on the wing again,
I’ll clip you closer than a garden hawk,
And put you in a cage, where day-light comes not ;
Where you may fret your pride against the bars,
Until your heart break. (*Knocking at the door.*) See who’s
at the door !— (*She goes and opens it*

Enter LOPEZ, L. D.

My neighbor Lopez!—Welcome, sir; my wife—

(Introducing her.)
A chair! *(To Juliana.—She brings a chair to Lopez and throws it down, L.)* Your pardon—you'll excuse her, sir—

A little awkward, but exceeding willing.

One for your husband!—*(She brings another Chair, and is going to throw it down as before; but the Duke looking steadfastly at her, she desists, and places it gently by him.)*

Pray be seated, neighbor!

Now you may serve yourself.

Jul. I thank you, sir,

I'd rather stand.

Duke. I'd rather you should sit.

Jul. If you will have it so—'Would I were dead!

(Aside.—She brings a chair, and sits down, R.)

Duke. Though now I think again, 'tis fit you stand,
That you may be more free to serve our guest.

Jul. Even as you command!

(Rises.)

Duke. You will eat something?

(To Lopez.)

Lopez. Not a morsel, thank ye.

Duke. Then you will drink?—A glass of wine, at least?

Lopez. Well, I am warm with walking, and care not if I do taste your liquor.

Duke. You have some wine, wife?

Jul. I must e'en submit!

(Exit, R.)

Duke. This visit, sir, is kind and neighborly.

Lopez. I came to ask a favor of you. We have to-day a sort of merry-making on the green hard by—'twere too much to call it a dance—and as you are a stranger here—

Duke. Your patience for a moment.

Re-enter JULIANA with a Horn of Liquor, R.

Duke. *(Taking it.)* What have we here?

Jul. 'Tis wine—you called for wine!

Duke. And did I bid you bring it in a nut-shell?

Lopez. Nay, there is plenty!

Duke. I can't suffer it.

You must excuse me. *(To Lopez.)* When friends drink with us,

'Tis usual, love, to bring it in a jug,
Or else they may suspect we grudge our liquor.

Jul. I shall remember. [*Exit, R.*]

Lopez. I am ashamed to give so much trouble.

Duke. No trouble ; she must learn her duty, sir ;
I'm only sorry you should be kept waiting.

But you were speaking—

Lopez. As I was saying, it being the conclusion of our
vintage, we have assembled the lads and lasses of the vil-
lage—

Re-enter JULIANA, R.

Duke. Now we shall do !

Why, what the devil's this ?

Jul. Wine, sir.

Duke. This wine ?—"Tis foul as ditch-water !—

Did you shake the cask ?

Jul. What shall I say ? (*Aside.*) Yes, sir.

Duke. You did ?

Jul. I did,

Duke. I thought so !

Why, do you think, my love, that wine is physic,

That must be shook before 'tis swallowed ?—

Come, try again !

Jul. I'll go no more !

[*Puts down the wine on the ground.*]

Duke. You won't ?

Jul. I won't.

[*Showing the Key.*]

Duke. You won't ?

You had forgot yourself, my love.

Jul. Well, I obey ! [*Takes up the wine, and exit, R.*]

Duke. Was ever man so plagued !

" You have a wife, no doubt, of more experience

" Who would not by her awkwardness disgrace

" Her husband thus ? This 'tis to marry

" An inexperienced girl !"

I'm ashamed to try your patience, sir ;

But women, like watches, must be set

With care to make them go well.

Enter JULIANA, R.

Ay this looks well !

[*Pouring it out.*]

Jul. The heavens be praised !

Duke. Come, sir, your judgment ?

Lopez. 'Tis excellent !—But, as I was saying, to-day we have some country pastimes on the green.—Will it please you both to join our simple recreations ?

Duke. We will attend you. Come, renew your draught sir !

Lopez. We shall expect you presently ; till then, good even, sir !

Duke. Good even, neighbor. (*Exit, Lopez, L. D.*) Go and make you ready.

Jul. I take no pleasure in these rural sports.

Duke. Then you shall go to please your husband. Hold ! I'll have no glittering gewgaws stuck about you, To stretch the gaping eyes of idiot wonder, And make men stare upon a piece of earth As on the star-wrought firmament—"no feathers
"To wave as streamers to your vanity—
"Nor cumbrous silk, that with its rustling sound
"Make proud the flesh that bears it." She's adorned Amply, that in her husband's eye looks lovely—
The truest mirror that an honest wife
Can see her beauty in !

Jul. I shall observe sir.

Duke. I should like to see you in the dress I last presented you.

Jul. The blue one, sir ?

Duke. No, love, the white.—Thus modestly attired,
An half-blown rose stuck in thy braided hair,
With no more diamonds than those eyes are made of,
No deeper rubies than compose thy lips,
Nor pearls more precious than inhabit them,
With the pure red and white, which that same hand
Which blends the rainbow mingles in thy cheeks :
This well proportioned form, (think not I flatter,)
In graceful motion to harmonious sounds,
And thy free tresses dancing in the wind :—
Thou'lt fix as much observance, as chaste dames
Can meet without a blush. [*Exit Juliana, door in stat.*
I'll trust her with these bumpkins There no coxcomb
Shall buz his fulsome praises in her ear,
And swear she has in all things, save myself,

A most especial taste. No meddling gossip
" (Who, having claw'd or cuddled into bondage
" The thing misnamed a husband, privately
" Instructs less daring spirits to revolt)"
Shall, from the fund of her experience, teach her
When lordly man can best be made a fool of.
Yet that would have obedient wives, beware
Of meddling woman's-kind officious care,

[*Exit, &c.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Inn.*

Enter LAMPED 1st ; and HOSTESS 2nd, &c.

Hostess. Nay, nay, another fortnight.

Lam. It can't be.

The man's as well as I am :—have some mercy !—
He hath been here almost three weeks already.

Hostess. Well, then, a week ?

Lam. We may detain him a week.

Enter BALTHAZAR behind from door in flat, &c. in his Night gown with a drawn Sword.

You talk now like a reasonable hostess,
That sometimes has a reck'ning—with her conscience.

Hostess. He still believes he has an inward bruise.

Lam. I would to Heaven he had ! Or that he'd split
His shoulder blade, or broke a leg or two,
(Not that I bear his person any malice)
Or lux'd an arm, or even sprain'd his ankle !

Hostess. Ay, broken anything except his neck.

Lam. However, for a week I'll manage him,
Though he has the constitution of a horse—
A farrier should prescribe for him !

Bal. A farrier !

[*Aside*

Lam. To-morrow we pelebotomize again ;
Next day my new-invented patent draught :—

Then I have some pills prepared.

On Thursday we throw in the bark ; on Friday ?—

Bal. (*Coming forward, c.*) Well, sir, on Friday ?—
what on Friday ? come,

Proceed——

Lam. Discovered !

Hostess. Mercy, noble sir ! [*They fall on their knees.*]

Lam. We crave your mercy.

Bal. On your knees ? 'tis well !

Pray, for your time is short.

Hostess. Nay, do not kill us !

Bal. You have been tried, condemned, and only wait
For execution. Which shall I begin with ?

Lam. The lady, by all means, sir !

Bal. Come, prepare. [*To the Hostess.*]

Hostess. Have pity on the weakness of my sex !

Bal. Tell me, thou quaking mountain of gross flesh,
Tell me, and in a breath, how many poisons——

If you attempt it !—(*To Lampedo, who is endeavouring to
make off, l.*)—you have cooked up for me ?

Hostess. None, as I hope for mercy !

Bal. Is not thy wine a poison ?

Hostess. No, indeed, sir !

'Tis not, I own of the first quality :

But——

Bal. What ?

Hostess. I always give short measure, sir.
And ease my conscience that way.

Bal. Ease your conscience !

I'll ease your conscience for you !

Hostess. Mercy, sir !

Bal. Rise, if thou canst, and hear me.

Hostess. Your commands, sir ?

Bal. If in five minutes all things are prepared
For my departure, you may yet survive.

Hostess. It shall be done in less.

Bal. Away, thou lump-fish ! [*Exit Hostess.*]

Lam. So, now comes my turn !—'tis all over with me !—
There's dagger, rope, and ratsbane in his looks !

Bal. And now, thou sketch and outline of a man !
Thou thing that hast no shadow in the sun !
Thou eel in a consumption, eldest born

Of Death on Famine ! Thou anatomy.

Of a starved pilchard !—

Lam. I do confess my leanness.—I am spare !

And therefore spare me !

Bal. Why, wouldst thou have made me
A thoroughfare for thy whole shop to pass through !

Lam. Man, you know, must live !

Bal. Yes : he must die, too.

Lam. For my patients' sake !

Bal. I'll send you to the major part of them—
The window, sir, is open ;—come, prepare—

Lam. Pray consider !

I may hurt some one in the street.

Bal. Why, then, I'll rattle thee to pieces in a dice-box,
Or grind thee in a coffee-mill to powder ;
For thou must sup with Pluto :—So, make ready !
Whilst I, with this good small-sword for a lancet,
Let thy starved spirit out—for blood thou hast none—
And nail thee to the wall, where thou shalt look
Like a dried beetle with a pin stuck through him.

Lam. Consider my poor wife !

Bal. Thy wife !

Lam. My wife, sir !

Bal. Hast thou dared think of matrimony, too ?
No flesh upon thy bones, and take a wife !

Lam. I took a wife, because I wanted flesh.
I have a wife and three angelic babes,
Who, by those looks are well nigh fatherless !

Bal. Well, well ! Your wife and children shall plead for
you.

Come, come, the pills ! Where are the pills ? Produce
them ?

Lam. Here is the box

Bal. Were it Pandora's, and each single pill
Had ten diseases in it, you should take them.

Lam. What, all ?

Bal. Ay, all ; and quickly too ?—Come, sir, begin ?
(*Lampedo takes one.*) That's well :—another.

Lam. One's a dose !

Bal. Proceed, sir !

Lam. What will become of me ?—
Let me go home, and set my shop to rights,

And, like immortal Cæsar, die with decency !

Bal. Away ! And thank thy lucky star I have not
Betrayed thee in thy own mortar, or exposed thee
For a large specimen of the lizard genus.

Lam. Would I were one—for they can feed on air !

Bal. Rome, sir ! And be more honest

Lam. If I am not,
I'll be more wise at least !

[*Exeunt, L. Lampedo 1st, Balthazar threatening him 2nd.*]

SCENE II.—*A Wood. A bank on the R. 2nd. E.*

Enter ZAMORA, in Woman's Apparel, veiled, R.

Zam. Now, all good spirits that delight to prosper
The undertakings of chaste love, assist me !
Yonder he comes : I'll rest upon this bank.—
If I can move his curiosity,
The rest may follow.

[*She reclines on the bank pretending to sleep.*]

Enter ROLANDO, L.

Rol. What, ho ; Engenio
He is so little apt to play the truant,
I fear some mischief has befallen him. [*Sees Zamora.*
What have we here ?—A woman !—By this light,
Or rather by this darkness, 'tis a woman !
Doing no mischief only dreaming of it !
It is the stillest, most inviting spot !
We are alone !—If, without waking her,
I could just brush the fresh dew from her lips,
As the first blush of morn salutes the rose—
Hold, hold, Rolando ! Art thou not forsworn,
If thou but touchest even the finger's end
Of fickle woman ?—I have sworn an oath,
That female flesh and blood should ne'er provoke me ;
That is, in towns or cities : I remember
There was a special clause,—or should have been,—
Touching a woman sleeping in a wood :
For though to the strict letter of the law
We bind our neighbours, yet, in our own cause,
We give liberal and a large construction

To its free spirit. Therefore, gentle lady—

[*She starts as if awaking*

Hush!—She prevents me. Pardon, gentle fair one,

That I have broke thus rudely on your slumbers!

But, for the interruption I have caused,

You see me ready as a gentleman,

To make you all amends.

Zam. To a stranger (*coming down on R.*)

You offer fairly, sir; but from a stranger—

Rol. What shall I say?—Not so; you are no
Stranger—

Zam. Do you then know me?—Heaven forbid! [*Aside*

Rol. Too well.

Zam. How, sir?

Rol. I've known you, lady, 'bove a twelvemonth,

And, from report, loved you an age before!

Why, is it possible you never heard

Of my sad passion?

Zam. Never.

Rol. You amaze me!

Zam. What can he mean? [*Aside,*

Rol. The sonnets I have written to your beauty

Have kept a paper-mill in full employ:

And then the letters I have given by dozens

Unto your chambermaid!—But I begin,

By this unlooked-for strangeness you put on,

Almost to think she ne'er delivered them.

Zam. Indeed she never did—He does but jest. [*Aside,*

I'll try. (*Aside.*) Perhaps you misdirected them?

What superscription did you put upon them?

Rol. What superscription?—None!

Zam. None!

Rol. Not a tittle!

Think ye, fair lady, I have no discretion?

I left a blank, that, should they be mislaid,

Or lost, you know—

Zam. And in your sonnets, sir,

What title was I honoured by?

Rol. An hundred!—

All but your real one.

Zam. What is that?

[*Quickly*

Rol. She has me!

Faith, lady, you have run me to a stand.
 I know you not—never before beheld you—
 Yet I'm in love with you extempore ;
 And though, by a tremendous oath, I'm bound
 Never to hold communion with your sex,
 Yet has your beauty, and your modesty—
 Come, let me see your face—

Zam. Nay ; that would prove
 I had no modesty, perhaps nor beauty.—
 Besides, I too have taken a rash oath,
 Never to love but one man.

Rol. At a time ?

Zam. One at all times.

Rol. You're right :—I am the man.

Zam. You are, indeed, sir !

Rol. How ? Now *you* are jesting !

Zam. No, on my soul !—I have sent up to Heaven
 A sacred and irrevocable vow ;
 And if, as some believe, there does exist
 A spirit in the waving of the woods,
 Life in the leaping torrent, in the hills
 And seated rocks a contemplating soul
 Brooding on all things round them, to all nature
 I here renew the solemn covenant—
 Never to love but you !

Rol. And who are you !

Zam. In birth and breeding, sir, a gentlewoman :
 And, but I know the high pitch of your mind
 From such low thoughts maintains a towering distance,
 I would add, rich ; yet is it no misfortune.—
 Virtuous, I will say boldly. Of my shape.
 Your eyes are your informers. For my face,
 I cannot think of that so very meanly,
 For you have often praised it.

Rol. I !—Unveil, then,
 That I may praise it once again.

Enter VOLANTE, L.

Zam. Not now sir,
 We are observed

[*Crosses, L*

Rol (*Seeing Volante.*) Confusion !—This she-devil—
 'Tis time, then, to redeem my character—

I tell you, lady, you must be mistaken,
I tell you, 'tis not I. (*Aloud*) Here, on this spot. (*Aside.*)

Zam. I humbly beg your pardon.

Rol. Well, you have it ;—

Remember.—

Zam. Trust me !

[*Exit, 1.*]

Rol. A most strange adventure ! Pray, lady, do you know who that importunate woman is that just left us ?

Vol. No, Signor.

Rol. (*They walk by each other, he whistling, and she humming a tune.*) Have you any business with me ?

Vol. I wanted to see you, that's all. They tell me you are the valiant captain that has turned woman-hater, as the boy left off eating nuts, because he met with a sour one.

Rol. Would I were in a free-mason's lodge !

Vol. Why there ?

Rol. They never admit women.

Vol. It must be a dull place.

Rol. Exceedingly quiet.—How shall I shake off this gad-fly !—Did you ever see a man mad !

Vol. Never.

Rol. I shall be mad presently.

Vol. I hope it won't be long first. I can wait an hour or so.

Rol. I tell you, I shall be mad !

Vol. Will it be of the merry sort ?

Rol. Stark, staring, maliciously, mischievously mad !

Vol. Nay, then I can't think of leaving you, for you'll want a keeper.

Rol. I would thou hadst one ! If I were valiant, now, to beat a woman—

Vol. Well ! Why don't you begin ? Pshaw ! you have none of the right symptoms. You don't stare with your eyes, nor foam at the mouth. Mad, indeed ! You're as much in your sober senses as I am.

Rol. Then I am mad incurably ! Will you go forward ?

Vol. No.

Rol. Backward ?

Vol. No.

Rol. Will you stay where you are ?

Vol. No Rank and file, captain : I mean to be one of your company

Rol. Impossible ! You're not tall enough for anything but a drummer : and then the noise of your tongue would drown the stoniest sheep-skin in Christendom.

Vol. Can you find no employment for me ?

Rol. No : you are fit for nothing but to beat hemp in a workhouse, to the tuneful accompaniment of a beadle's whip.

Vol. I would be content to be so employed, if I was sure you would reap the full benefit of my labour.

Rol. Nay, then, I'll go to work another way with you.—What, ho, Eugenio ! Sergeant ! Corporal !

Vol. Nay, then, 'tis time to scamper : he's bringing his whole regiment on me ! *(Exit Volante, R., Rolando, L.)*

SCENE III.—*A Rural Scene.*

Music.—*A Dance of Rustics.* LOPEZ seeing the DUKE and JULIANA approach.

Lop. Hold ! Our new guests.

Enter the DUKE and JULIANA, R.

Neighbours, you are kindly welcome.

Will't please you to join the dance, or be mere gazers ?

Duke. I am for motion, if this lady here Would trip it with me.

Lop. My, wife, sir—at your service ; If it be no offence, I'll take a turn with your's.

Duke. By all means. Lady, by your leave—

[Salutes Lopez's wife.]

Lop. A good example—

[Attempts to salute Juliana ;—she boxes his ears.]

Jul. Badly followed, sir !

Lop. Zounds ! What a tingler !

Duke. Are you not ashamed ?

My wife is young, sir ; she'll know better soon Than to return a courtesy so tartly :—

Your's has been better tutored !

(Salutes her.)

Lop. Tutored ! Zounds !—

I only meant to ape your husband, lady !

He kisses where he pleases.

Jul. So do I, sir ;
Not where I have no pleasure.

Duke. Excellent !

(*Aside*

Jul. My lips are not my own. My hand is free, sir.

Lop. Free ! I'll be sworn it is !

Jul. Will't please you take it !

Duke. Excuse her rustic breeding : she is young ;
But you will find her nimble in the dance.

Lop. Come, then, let's have a stirring roundelay.

[*Music.*—*They dance, Juliana at first perversely, but afterwards entering into the spirit of it ; and then go off with their partners, R. U. E.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Cottage. Two Chairs.*

JULIANA sitting at her needle ; the *DUKE* steals in behind,
through D. in flat.

Duke. Come, no more work to-night !—(*Sits by her.*) It
is the last
That we shall spend beneath this humble roof :
Our fleeting month of trial being past,
To-morrow you are free.

Jul. Nay, now you mock me,
And turn my thoughts upon my former follies.
You know, that, to be mistress of the world,
I would not leave you.

Duke. No !

Jul. No, on my honour.

Duke. I think you like me better than you did !—
And yet 'tis natural : come, come, be honest ;
You have a sort of hankering,—no wild wish,
Our vehement desire, yet a slight longing,
A simple preference—if you had your choice,—
To be a duchess, rather than the wife
Of a low peasant ?

"*Jul.* No, indeed you wrong me ?

Duke. I marked you closely at the palace, wife
“In the full tempest of your speech, your eye
“Would glance to take the room’s dimensions,
“And pause upon each ornament ; and then
“There would break from you a half-smothered sigh
“Which spoke distinctly—‘These should have been mine ;’
“And, therefore, though with a well tempered spirit,
“You have some secret swellings of the heart
“When these things rise to your imagination.”

Jul. No, indeed : sometimes in my dreams, I own,—
You know we cannot help our dreams !—

Duke. What then !

Jul. Why, I confess, that sometimes, in my dreams,
A noble house and splendid equipage,
Diamonds and pearls, and gilded furniture,
Will glitter, like an empty pageant, by me ;
And then I am apt to rise a little feverish.
But never do my sober waking thoughts,—
As I’m a woman worthy of belief,—
Wander to such forbidden vanities.
Yet, after all it was a scurvy trick—
Your palace and your pictures, and your plate ;
Your fine plantations, your delightful gardens,
That were a second Paradise—for fools
And then your grotto, so divinely cool ;
Your Gothic summer-house, and Roman temple
’Twould puzzle much an antiquarian
To find out their remains.

Duke. No more of that !

Jul. You had a dozen spacious vineyards, too ;
Alas ! The grapes are sour ;—and, above all,
The Barbary courser that was breaking for me.

Duke. Nay, you shall ride him yet.

Jul. Indeed !

Duke. Believe me,
We must forget these things.

Jul. They are forgot ;
And, by this kiss, we’ll think of them no more,
But when we want a theme to make us merry.

Duke. It was an honest one, and spoke thy soul ;
And by the fresh lip and unsullied breath,
Which joined to give it sweetness—

Enter BALTHAZAR, L.

Jul. (*Crosses, c.*) How ! My father !

Duke. Signior Balthazar ! You are welcome, sir,
To our poor habitation.

Bal. Welcome ! Villain,
I come to call your dukeship to account,
And to reclaim my daughter.

Duke. (*Aside*) You will find her
Reclaimed already, or I have lost my pains.

Bal. Let me come at him !

Jul. Patience, my dear father !

Duke. Nay, give him room. Put up your weapon, sir—
'Tis the worst argument a man can use.

So let it be the last ! As for your daughter,
She passes by another title here,
In which your whole authority is sunk—
My lawful wife !

Bal. Lawful !—His lawful wife !
I shall go mad ! Did not you basely steal her,
Under a vile pretence ?

Duke. What I have done
I'll answer to the law.
Of what do you complain ?

Bal. Why, are you not
A most notorious, self-confessed imposter ?

Duke. True ! I am somewhat dwindled from the state
In which you lately knew me ; nor alone
Should my exceeding change provoke your wonder—
You'll find your daughter is not what she was.

Bal. How, Juliana ?

Jul. 'Tis, indeed, most true.

I left you, sir, a froward foolish girl,
Full of capricious thoughts and fiery spirits,
Which, without judgment, I would vent on all
But I have learned this truth indelibly.—
That modesty, in deed, in word, and thought,
Is the prime grace of woman ; and with that,
More than by frowning looks and saucy speechess,
She may persuade the man that rightly loves her,
Whom she was ne'er intended to command.

Bal. Amazement ! Why, this metamorphosis

Exceeds his own !—What spells, what cunning witchcraft
Has he employed ?

Jul. None : he has simply taught me
To look into myself : his powerful rhetoric
Hath with strong influence impressed my heart,
And made me see at length the thing I have been,
And what I am, sir.

Bal. Are you then content
To live with him ?

Jul. Content ? I am most happy !

Bal. Can you forget your crying wrongs ?

Jul. Not quite, sir ;
They sometimes serve to make us merry with.

Bal. How like a villain he abused your father ?

Jul. You will forgive him that, for my sake.

Bal. Never !

Duke. Why, then 'tis plain you seek your own revenge,
And not your daughter's happiness.

Bal. No matter.
I charge you, on your duty as my daughter,
Follow me !

Duke. On a wife's obedience,
I charge you, stir not !

Jul. You, sir, are my father ;
At the bare mention of that hallowed name,
A thousand recollections rise within me,
To witness you have ever been a kind one :
This is my husband, sir !

Bal. Thy husband ; well—

Jul. 'Tis fruitless now to think upon the means
He used—I am irrevocably his :
And when he pluc'd me from my parent tree,
To graft me on himself, he gathered with me
My love, my duty, my obedience ;
And, by adoption, I am bound as strictly
To do his reasonable bidding now,
As once to follow yours.

Duke. Most excellent !

[*Aside.*

Bal. Yet I will be revenged !

Duke. You would have justice ? [To *Balthazar.*

Bal. I will.

Duke. Then forthwith meet me at the duke's. [*Crosses, &c.*

Bal. What pledge have I for your appearance there ?

Duke. Your daughter, sir.—Nay, go, my Juliana !

'Tis my request :—within an hour at farthest,
I shall expect to see you at the palace.

Bal. Come, Juliana.—You shall find me there, sir.

Duke. Look not thus sad at parting, Juliana ;
All will run smooth yet.

Bal. Come !

Jul. Heaven grant it may !

Duke. The duke shall right us all, without delay.

(*Exeunt Balthazor and Juliana, L., Duke, R.*)

SCENE II.—A Wood.

Enter VOLANTE, and four of the Count's Servants, masked, L.

Vol. That's he stealing down the pathway yonder.

Put on your vizors—and remember, not a word !

(*They retire, L 3d E.*)

Enter Rolando, R.

Now I shall be even with your hemp-beating. (*Erit, L*)

Rol. Here am I come to be a woman's toy,

And, spite of sober reason, play the fool.—

'Tis a most grievous thing, that a man's blood

Will ever thwart his noble resolution,

And make him deaf to other argument

Than the quick beating of his pulse. (*They come forward
and surround him.*) Hey-day !

Why, what are these ? If it be no offence,

May I inquire your business ?

(*They hold a pistol to each side of his head.*)

Now I can guess it. Pray, reserve your fire !—

(*They proceed to bind him.*)

What can this mean !—Mute, gentlemen—all mute ?

Pray, were ye born of woman ?—Still ye are mute !

Why, then perhaps you mean to strangle me.

(*They bind him to a Tree, L. U. E., and go off.*)

How ! Gone ? Why what the devil can this mean ?

It is the oddest end to an amour !—

Enter VOLANTE, and three other Women.

Vol. This is the gentleman we're looking for.

Rol. Looking for me? You are mistaken, ladies :

What can you want with such a man as I am?

I am poor, ladies, miserably poor ;—

I am old too, though I look young ; quite old ;

The ruins of a man. Nay, come not near me !

I would for you I were a porcupine,

And every quill a death !

Vol. By my faith, he rails valiantly, and has a valiant sword too, if he could draw it ! Was ever poor gentleman so near a rope without being able to hang himself !

Rol. I could bear to be bound in every limb,
So ye were tongue-tied.—

That I could cast out devils to torment you !—

Though ye would be a match for a whole legion.

Vol. Come, come. [*They pinch and tickle him.*]

Rol. Nay, ladies, have some mercy ; drive me not
To desperation :—though, like a bear,
I'm fixed to the stake, and must endure the baiting.

[*They make a circle, and dance round him. Rolando, after repeated struggles, disengages his right arm, with which he draws his sword, and cuts the ropes that bind him.*]

Vol. The bear is breaking his chain. 'Tis time to run then.

[*The Women run off, L., he extricates himself and comes forward.*]

Rol. So, they are gone ! What a damnable condition I am in ! The devils, that worried St. Anthony, were a tame set to these ! My blood boils ! By all that's mischievous, I'll carbonado the first woman I meet ! If I do not, why I'll marry her. Here's one already !

Enter ZAMORA, veiled, R

Zam. I've kept my word, sir.

Rol. So much the worse ! For I must keep my oath
Are you prepared to die ?

Zam. Not by your hand.—

I hardly think, when you have seen my face,
You'll be my executioner.

Rol. Thy face !

What, are you handsome ?—Don't depend on that !

If those rosy fingers, like Aurora's

Lifting the veil from day, should usher forth

Twin sparkling stars, to light men to their ruin ;

Balm-breathing lips, to seal destruction on ;

An alabaster forehead, hung with locks

That glitter like Hyperion's ; and a cheek

Where the live crimson steals upon the white,

You have no hope of mercy !

Zam. (*Unveiling*) Now, then, strike !

Rol. Eugenio ?

Zam. Your poor boy, sir !

Rol. How, a woman ?

A real woman ?

What a dull ass have I been ! Nay, 'tis so.

Zam. You see the sister of that scornful lady,

Who, with such fixed disdain, refused your love,

Which, like an arrow failing of its aim,

Glancing from her impenetrable heart,

Struck deep in mine : in a romantic hour,

Unknown to all, I left my father's house,

And followed you to the wars.—What has since happened

It better may become you to remember

Than me to utter.

Rol. I am caught at last !

Caught by a woman, excellently caught,

Hampered beyond redemption !—Why, thou witch !

That, in a brace of minutes, hast produced

A greater revolution in my soul

Than thy whole sex could compass ! Thou enchantress,

Prepare ! For I must kill thee certainly !—

[*Throws away his sword.*]

But it shall be with kindness.—My poor boy !

[*They embrace.*]

I'll marry thee to-night :——Yet have a care !—

For I shall love thee most unmercifully.

Zam. And as a wife should you grow weary of me

I'll be your page again.

Rol. We'll to your father !

Zam. Alas ! I fear I have offended him

Beyond the reach of pardon.

Rol. Think not so !

In the full flood of joy at your return,
He'll drown his anger, and absolving tears
Shall warmly welcome his poor wanderer home.
What will they say to me ? Why, they may say,
And truly, that I made a silly vow,
But was not quite so foolish as to keep it.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE III.—*The Duke's Palace.*

*Enter BALTHAZAR and JULIANA, the COUNT and VOLANTE,
preceded by PEDRO, R.*

Bal. You'll tell his highness, I am waiting for him.

Ped. What name ?

Bal. No matter ; tell him an old man,
Who has been basely plundered of his child,
And has performed a weary pilgrimage
In search of justice, hopes to find it here.

Ped. I will deliver this. (*Exit Pedro, L. U. E.*)

Bal. And he shall right me ;
Or I will make his dukedom ring so loud
With my great wrongs, that—

Jul. Pray, be patient, sir.

Bal. Where is your husband ?

Jul. He will come, no doubt.

Count. I'll pawn my life for his appearance quickly !

Enter PEDRO, L. U. E.

Bal. What news, sir ?

Ped. The duke will see you presently.

Bal. 'Tis well !

Has there been a man here to seek him lately ?

Ped. None, sir.

Bal. A tall, well-looking man enough,
Though a rank knave, dress'd in a peasant's garb ?

Ped. There has been no such person.

Bal. No, nor will be !

It was a trick to steal off quietly,
And get the start of justice. He has reach'd,
Ere this, the nearest sea-port, or inhabits
One of his air-built castles.

(*Trumpets and Kettle-Drums, L. U. E.*)

Ped. Stand aside !

*Enter the DUKE, superbly dressed, preceded by JAQUE;
followed by Attendants, and six Ladies.*

Duke. Now, sir, your business with me ?

Bal. How ?

Jul. Amazement !

Duke. I hear you would have audience.

Jaq. Exactly my manner !

Bal. Of the duke, sir !

Duke. I am the duke.

Bal. The jest is somewhat stale, sir.

Duke. You'll find it true.

Bal. Indeed !

Jaq. Nobody doubted my authority.

Jul. Be still, my heart !

[*Aside.*

Bal. I think you would not trifle with me now ?—

Duke. I am the duke Aranza.

Count. 'Tis e'en so.

[*To Balthazar.*

Duke. And, what's my greater pride, this lady's husband ;

[*Crosses to Juliana, takes her hand, and leads her* L. a.

Whom, having honestly redeem'd my pledge,
I thus take back again. You now must see
The drift of what I have been lately acting,
And what I am. And though, being a woman
Giddy with youth and unrestrained fancy,
The domineering spirit of her sex
I have rebuked too sharply ; yet 'twas done,
As skilful surgeons cut beyond the wound,
To make the cure complete.

Bal. You have done most wisely,
And all my anger dies in speechless wonder.

Jaq. So does all my greatness !

Duke. What says my Juliana ?

Jul. I am lost, too,

In admiration, sir ; my fearful thoughts
Rise, on a trembling wing, to that rash height
Whence, growing dizzy once, I fell to earth.
Yet since your goodness, for the second time,
Will lift me, though unworthy, to that pitch
Of greatness, there to hold a constant flight,

I will endeavor so to bear myself,
That in the world's eye, and my friends' observance—
And, what's far dearer, your most precious judgment—
I may not shame your dukedom.

Duke. Bravely spoken !

Why, now you shall have rank and equipage—
Servants, for you can now command yourself—
Glorious apparel, not to swell your pride,
But to give lustre to your modesty.
All pleasures, all delights, that noble dames
Warm their chaste fancies with, in full abundance
Shall flow upon you ; and it shall go hard
But you shall ride the Barbary courser too.—
Count, you have kept my secret, and I thank you.

Count. Your grace has reason ; for, in keeping that,
I well nigh lost my mistress. On your promise,
I now may claim her, sir. [To Balthazar.]

Bal. What says my girl ? .

Vol. Well, since my time is come, sir—

Bal. Take her, then.

Duke. But who comes yonder ?

Count. 'Sdeath ! Why, 'tis Rolando.

Duke. But that there hangs a woman on his arm,
I'd swear 'twas he !

Vol. Nay, 'tis the gentleman.

Duke. Then have the poles met !

Vol. Oh, no, only two of the planets have jostled each
other. Venus has had too much attraction for Mars.

Enter L. ROLANDO with ZAMORA, veiled. (All laugh.)

Count. Why, captain !

Duke. Signior Rolando !

Rol. (After they have laughed some time.) Nay, 'tis a
woman !

And one that has a soul too, I'll be bound for't.

Vol. He must be condemned to her for some offence as
a truant horse is tied to a log, or a great school-boy carries
his own rod to the place of execution. (All laugh.)

Rol. Laugh till your lungs crack, 'tis a woman still.

Count. I'll not believe it till I see her face.

Vol. It is some boy, dress'd up to cozen us !

Rol. 'Twas a boy dress'd up to cozen me !

Suffice it, sirs, that being well convinced—
 In what I lately was a stubborn septic—
 That women may be reasonable creatures ;
 And finding that your grace, in one fair instance,
 Has wrought a wondrous reformation in them,
 I am resolved to marry—(*They all laugh*)—for 'tis odds
 (Our joint endeavors lab'ring to that end)
 That, in another century or two,
 They may become endurable. What say you ?
 (*To the Duke.*) Have I your free consent ?

Duke. Most certainly.

Rol. Yours, sir? [*To the Count.*

Count. Most readily.

Rol. And yours? [*To Balthazar.*

Bal. Most heartily.

Jaq. He does not ask mine !

Rol. Add but your blessing, sir, and we are happy !—
 What think you of my page ?—

[*Zamora unveils and kneels to Balthazar*

Vol. How !

Bal. Zamora !

Zam. You daughter, sir ; who, trembling at your feet—
 (*Crosses to Balthazar.*

Bal. Come to my heart !—

You knew how deeply you were rooted there,
 Or scarce had ventured such a frolic.

Zam. That, sir,
 Should have prevented me !

Bal. There ; she is yours, sir,—
 If you are still determined

Rol. Fix'd as fate !
 Nor in so doing do I change my mind ;
 I swore to wed no woman—she's an angel.

Vol. Ay, so are all women before marriage ; and that's
 the reason their husbands so soon wish them in heaven after-
 wards.

Duke. Those who are tartly tongued ; but our example
 This truth shall manifest—A gentle wife
 Is still the sterling comfort of man's life ;
 To fools a torment, but a lasting boon
 To those who wisely keep their Honeymoon

THE END.

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